THE MOCK-PRESS;

Or, The ENCOUNTER of Harry Lungs, and Jasper Hem;

Two *Running-Stationers*; or, *Pampfleteers*.

H. L. A New Dialogue between the Ghost of *Pompey* the Great, and *Photinus* the *Babylonian* Engineer.

Here is likewise a new Essay very profitable for all Riders whatsoever concerning Mouthing and Backing.

Here is a brief Extract or Compendium of *Matchiavels Prince* faithfully Translated by *Oliver Cromwell* in his Life time, and happily found amongst his Papers after his Death.

Here are Sixteen new *Satyrs* upon the Government, to which is added, the Liberty of the Subject, or, a Looking-Glass for Princes, both of the Lord Chief Justice *Bradshaw*'s hand.

The *Platonick* Confuted, touching the Resolution of his Year, which is now fallen just as the *Jubilee* at *Brussels*, once in fourty Years complete.

A new Model of *Church-Government*, very useful and convenient for those that have their Fortunes to seek, and their Religion to chuse, By *Smectymnuus Redivivus*.

J. H. D'ye hear, *Redivivus*!

H. L. Who calls there? What wa'st thou *Jasper*? How dost thou do?

J. H. Do, quoth he, not so well as my Neighbours methinks. Where in the name of Wonder did'st thou light on all that Stuff? What new Authors are all these that I can meet with none of them?

H. L. Pish! These are nothing to what I have under my Arm here, come hither a little into this Alley out of the Rain, and I'll read thee a parcel of news that shall make thee Bless and Cross thy self too, if thou have any *Catholick* Blood in thee.

J. H. Prithee begin, and if I like them and may have a Penny worth for a Penny, I'll buy some of 'em of thee to Retail again.

H. L. Hearken a little then. Hem's *Lifesonge* the Very last *Papist*, Dog, Rogue (in Nature) with Animadversions upon his damn'd Drolling Reflections upon the Kings Evidence. Here's *L'Estrange* no *Papist* (I swear) Vindication against all the World, the Flesh and the Devil.

J. H. That will never sell among People, thou may'st even save thy breath.

H. L. I Prithee Peace. Here is *Scintilla Le Genievoyse*, or new Links from the Lake with Marginall Notes, by *Anonymus junior*. Here is Dr. Turbulent's Compleat Armour, or the Citizen with his Sword, or a reasonable Discourse for all those that had rather sleep under a Hedge then in a Featherbed. The rare show, or *Madam Celliers* pourtraiture as it was shown at *Charing-Cross*, a delicate entertainment, whereunto is annexed a little thing of her own call'd Grace after Meat, being her ordinary Prayers and Ejaculations for all the good People that sell Oranges and Turneps.

J. H. Those are very moving and precious I warrant ye.

H. L. Here is the Life and Death of *Rosamond* the Second, with twenty *French* Copper-Cutts all curiously Painted. Here is Sr. *George Wakeman*'s Cephalick Pills very Soveraign for all Distempers

in the Head, with Directions how to use 'em with benefit and safety.

Here is three hundred new Riddles or the Mystery of Iniquity newly Reprinted, but the Commentaries are desired.

Here is *Polmart* and *Mongomery* two angry Lords quarrelling for the Wall, though it be thought the weakest is like to carry it.

Here is the *Grand Seignior Amurath* in great Suspence and Anxiety for fear of his *Janizaries*.

No Penny no *Pater-noster*, or the *Religion* of *Rome* faithfully expounded by one that's like to lose by it.

Lucianides Arraigned, or *Heraclitus Ridens* prov'd a Fool from the deep Wrinckles in his Nose, beyond all answer.

The *Loyal Rebel* by *Anti-Pantonus*, *Cum Privilegio*.

Seven Thousand solid Equivocations all forg'd and polish'd in the *Vatican*, by *John Battista Mareschalchi*, excellent Weapons for Jesuits and Trades-men, either for profit or Recreation.

Neither full nor fasting, a new Sonnet to the Tune of, *I could not tell when I was well*, with a Chorus of Rich Citizens.

J. H. Hold a little now, thou talkest of Sonnets, I'll shew thee one which I believe is new to thee, for I have nothing else here to pay thy trouble with.

GOod Heraclitus *lets have no Quarrel,*
I Sing you of the Tap, s'll sing of the Barrel,
And neither laugh nor cry for the Lawrel.
Which no body can deny.

A Fig for your Tap or your Cork. Do but bring here
A Barrel of empty Reports, (Mr. Singer)
You shall see we can broach them with a wet
Which no Body, &c. (*Finger*

I'll not meddle with Barrels of Ale and Beer,
For should they work again, we may fear
Too quick a return o'th' Platonick *Tear.*
Which no Body, &c.

A Pox of your Barrels full of French,
'Tis a sort of an ominous Bloody Drench,
And full of dispute as an Oyster Wench.
Which no Body, &c.

Give me that Miraculous Lasting Joke,
O'th Barrel of Meal, that Blinded the Folk,
Fill'd every Mans Mouth and yet every Man
Which no Body, &c. (*spoke*

It made more noise and was more hot,
Than all those Barrels I had forgot,
That had their heads in the Gunpowder-*Plot.*
Which no Body, &c.

Some say it was the very same.
Where Byter John *the first of the Name,*
Vented such store of Smoak and Flame.
Which no Body, &c.

I think indeed they hit the Nail,
For 's Notes were found within the Meal,
Wherewith the Discoverer wip'd his Tayl.
Which no Body, &c.

Regulus (*but for the spoiling the Leaven*)
The Barrel full of Spikes had driven,
And rowl'd the Rogue downward to Heaven.
Which no Body can deny.

Gentlemen,

If this please, and we can prevail for a second part, you shall have it.

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